

# SPRIT WORLD.

DEVOTED TO THE DISSEMINATION OF LIGHT ON SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE

"THRICE ARMED IS HE WHO HATH HIS QUARREL JUST."

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NUMBER 14.

## THE UNFOLDINGS OF THE AGE.

WRITTEN BY SPIRITS.

There are higher truths than those embraced in the teachings of the day; else one scene would not meet the eye of recording messengers. Low and dark is the home of those whose chief and only merit was a strict belief in the now fading observances and forms of creed-loving minds. Take from these disembodied devotees the weight of their earthly attachments, and the hosts of Heaven would swell in sudden glory. But behold the spirit that leaps with a full knowledge of the progressive laws of truth and justice into the spiritual body! No dungeon mists encircle this form to stay its course toward freedom. It knows its reward—feels its end. It sees the fountain whence comes the glorious light, and is cheered and made happy by the shout of triumph, as it ascends above the discordant elements of an obstructed nature. And yet another picture is mirrored in the group: The angels of truth glide along in their labor to comfort and bless and relieve. They see the exact of *unseen* shapes that fill the *bewitched* shapes that fill the *person houses* of their own world.

Start not, reader, at this fact; for there are such houses here, and laws which place you therein; but by your own free will alone, are you confined. Your own congenial feelings and desires make the law—and with your own complete redemption and freedom from the fawning appetites and habits of a depraved nature, vanish these cells of gloom and ignorance. But how are you to relieve yourself of these hindrances? By kissing the cold feet of stony images? Forbear brother! Let your reason and an intuitive sense of true nobility, animate and exalt you to *higher* forms. No—not by this can you be free!—By moistening with your heart's best tears the cross of Christ? No—no! He was one who died for truth—one whose simple teachings added terror to the souls of kings and rulers—one whose love was an inheritance of Earth—was in sweet accordance with the wisdom and affinities of those in whom he confided, and by whom he, in his extremest anguish, was comforted. He is the Son of God; but when you declare that our Father, gave this his child, in whom were centered everything lovely and good and wise, as a *willing* sacrifice—as the only means of redeeming the unruly flock, the progressed intellect revolts—the purest feelings of Christ himself flow down in pity—Nature herself weeps through the generous showers that fall to nourish your barren homes.

No, brethren! The sufferings of Christ will not—nor were they intended to *save* you. They were endured by the edict of a power, against which his quiet progress warred; and gratified the erring masses that crowded in contempt about his garments. Through *unseen* eyes, in a more comprehensive manner.

Idle is the dream that Jesus was God and God Jesus. He while on earth, was the developed representative of Man—the complete and happy result of the creating essence of Nature. This is truth—let it strike where it will. The history of Jesus should encourage you who have been preserved through the ages of martyrdom for opinion sake. His intercourse with spirits, even in those dreared moments, was sweet; to you, in these pleasing days, the communion should be doubly precious; and when you look with spirits beyond the unsatisfactory records of this pure man, and follow him in his path to angels,

the field of their devoted labors. The development of Jesus for the influences which he exercised, to the bewilderment of a dark age, was simply an outburst of the wisdom and love and power of that immortal Nature, which, throughout long and weary nights of depravity and sloth and ignorance, is just now being felt and acknowledged by the teeming intellects of her bounty. Jesus was such as none could then comprehend. But it must not be supposed that the principles and laws by which he was governed were annulled with his death, or that the God of Nature expired with him on Calvary.

Let the words here spoken sink deep into the heart, for the truth is in them. They come from one whose peace and present delight is found in a home made glad by the atmosphere flowing from the presence of Christ. Understand rightly the history of this man; and while you cannot but rejoice at the liberty you feel, the revelations now made will seem but as the working of that law which brought Jesus from the manger to the treasures of Heaven.

The mission of Christ! Have a mission, other than the dictates of higher corresponding influences and powers. With him angels delighted to commune. So harmonized and controlled had he become, in the finer attributes of his being, by a constant attendance on the Divine impulses and holy inspirations, that when the lacerated body yielded to the hands of his tormentors, the angel, unobstructed by any of the feelings that hang about and detain the less cultivated mortal, passed quietly up to its home of bliss.

But with all this—against all the records of *olden* times—Jesus was *but man*. Call him by any other name, and you do injustice to the creative power above; seek him save as one whose *precepts* you love, and he will not be found. Call him as a *brother*, drawn by the same ties, to a common parent, and you will be heard.

The existence of Christ, so grossly misunderstood and falsely connected by the dictating minds of Earth—was in sweet accordance with the wisdom and affinities of those in whom he confided, and by whom he, in his extremest anguish, was comforted. He is the Son of God; but when you declare that our Father, gave this his child, in whom were centered everything lovely and good and wise, as a *willing* sacrifice—as the only means of redeeming the unruly flock, the progressed intellect revolts—the purest feelings of Christ himself flow down in pity—Nature herself weeps through the generous showers that fall to nourish your barren homes.

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when they allude to Christ and the misapprehension beneath which mortals have groped, as regards his mission on earth, they speak freely and with full knowledge of the truth. They therefore add, that through him was seen but a single perfected outburst of a Nature of which former ages had never been fully advised. There was that in his career which, though recognized, was not understood by the amazed followers—that the purity and love and wisdom of Heaven could be realized and enjoyed on earth, provided, as with Christ, your earthbound being would harmonize and attune its conceptions with the influences that pressed from above. But, oh! believe God of the act of which tradition accuses times. Charge him not with the *premeditated* deliverance of one, who through many years of secluded communion with the residents of a Spiritual World, had so ennobled and perfected himself, that angels found joy in surrounding and assisting him in the labors for the good of his race.

Spirits read the circumstances of the hour, and know that in the article just prepared, they have wounded the most fearful limb ever lifted against the reason of Man. They are quick to perform this labor, because every hour brings some deluded brother to the grave.

When the light shines brighter, and Truth shares an equal harvest of human life, it may then be proper to advert more closely to the natural causes of all that is revealed. But the present is a moment of the most enlarged comprehension on their part. They perceive that naught can prevail

but through unseemly contortions, jerkings, and tumblings, are among the familiar examples of wide-spread contamination, which often exhibited the apparent effects of unaccountable if not supernatural power. But the supposition that all the alleged "mediums" are conscious, intentional swindlers, is utterly irreconcileable with facts, and way he caught the secret of all his hopes. It may also be related that Jesus was a man of great learning. In all the various studies of the period, he stood higher above his brethren than has been reported.

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# LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

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W. H. MANTZ, Proprietor.

"Reason is a flower of the Spirit, and its fragrance is liberty and knowledge."

SAINT LOUIS:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1853.

"Any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed or institution that fears investigation, openly avails itself of error."

### TERMS:

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### The Newspaper Postage Law.

The postage on The Spirit World, is only Thirteen Cents per annum, in the State of Missouri, and Twenty-six Cents to any other part of the United States. A quarter part must be paid in advance at the beginning of each quarter, or double the above rates will be charged.

The appearance of last week's issue did not suit us—either in quality of paper or press-work. We pay the highest prices for everything, and are determined our "Light" shall not grow dim.

Hoping soon to be supplied with an excellent quality of paper, from the East, our reader's must bear with us.

### Spiritual Truth.

The spirits would give notice, that in their next article under the title "Unfoldings of the Age," they propose to speak of the beauty of their own glorious truths, in contrast with some of the particular claims upon which olden conclusions rest. When the shackled mortal beholds the weakness of his reliance—when he sees it yield beneath the still small voice, he may seek a new path. Spirits will be mild in their labor; but the task is one of profit, and must be freely and forcibly performed.

W. T. BAIRD, a Medium, of Macon, Knox county, Illinois, intends travelling through Wisconsin and the north-east part of Illinois, for the purpose of giving free lectures on the subject of Spiritual Inter-course. Mr. Baird will also solicit subscriptions for this paper. We hope the friends of the cause will render him all the assistance in their power.

The rapid strides of Spiritualism in this city—and we may say along the towns of the Mississippi, Missouri and Illinois rivers—during the past few months, speak powerfully in favor of Truth, and Freedom, and must have met the attention of the most indolent observer. Grappling, at the start, with all the prejudices and long-cherished animosities that darkened its path, and presented, as it has been, in all the singleness of a New Dispensation, and depending upon the correct reasoning mind for furtherance—it has progressed, in this city especially, beyond the anticipations of its earliest friends. From the secluded circle that convened here, less than a year ago, Odd Fellows' Hall, one of the largest in the city, is now filled every Sabbath afternoon with intelligent, attentive audiences, who seem perfectly content with the People's Theology.

In addition to the above, another Conference—whose members we understand are increasing rapidly—convenes on Monday evenings, at brother OUTLEY's Daguerrean Saloon, corner of Washington avenue and Third street.

Our city papers, a short time since, recorded the death of Wm. R. DAWSON Esq., Editor of the Cape Girardeau Eagle. An acquaintance with him of thirteen years—intimate even to the family hearth—crowning in sweet enjoyment on our memory, fills us for the moment almost beyond utterance.

Candid and entertaining in his weekly visits through the "Eagle,"—devoted to "those at home,"—the stranger could always find in him a warm heart and willing hand. And though no ponderous monument rise o'er his body, to delight the gaze of the future traveller, the simple stone may truthfully read—

"DAWSON WAS A GOOD MAN."

**SPIRITUALISM.**—This wonderful phenomena, as developed through the rapping and writing medium, is gaining many advocates in all portions of the country. It at first only excited the ridicule of the people generally, but the public mind seems to be turned to an investigation of the subject. There are some five journals which advocate what is technically termed the doctrine of spiritualism, viz.:

*The Shekinah, The Spiritual Telegraph, The Star of Truth, The Spirit Messenger, and The Spirit World.*

Some of the ablest minds in the country are devoted to an examination of the subject. Among others we might name some twenty members of the present Congress, who have investigated and patiently searched for the truth, and have become convinced of the reality of spiritual communications. The bigot of course will turn away and act the part of the scoffer, in his own estimation he has gained the acme of knowledge, and everything which conflicts with his old preconceived notions and stereotyped opinions, is not worthy of being brought to the touch-stone of truth. We are among those who are at least willing to investigate. We will not recite before we examine; we will not pass sentence before we know whereof we affirm.—

*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

### The Shackled Scholar.

WRITTEN BY SPIRITS.

On the subject embraced in their caption, Spirits desire to address the children of Earth; and they hope that as the embodied eye follows the remarks, an internal love for truth may swell upward to the reality that now forms the interest of the higher minds of Nature's Universe.

Man is born, and unless Nature is abused, grows in vigorous health.—He reads—he learns—and soon his senses are weakened with the massive reveries and confused monopolies of Reason, which have been retained by inheritance through long past ages. He finds himself thrown suddenly into a world of many grades, complexities and habits; and, obeying the dictates of the parent that strengthened him in infancy, is soon found in submissive embrace of the shackled governors; he confesses whom and where he is; and, remembering his lesson, bravely answers: "God made me, and I must fear him; because he is a wise and loving Father!" Thus he progresses. Thus is Nature robbed of a jewel; thus is Reason wounded; and thus, indeed, is Heaven itself deprived too long of an angel.

But conclude not on the simple statement—follow him through the avenues leading from the temple of his teachings. He sees stretched out before him a life which, unless made to accord with first thoughts, is rendered vacant.

Close, ye opening Heavens, and let this child go back, with his years of toil and study, to the deserted walls of his reverend fathers! Silence! ye progressive elements of an unfinished Nature, while this tutored intellect broods over the realities of its own vigorous fancy!—Hold! reckless—ungrateful world!—Whither do ye tend? Trust not your own senses, in the marvels of the moment; but listen, with your learned brother, to the teacher!—Why wilt thou look onward and upward to Heaven, for light, when it can be found in all its fury, at the martyr's stake, and torturing rack, of olden history. Can it be, that you will follow your departed friends to peace and happiness, when the governors of other days have thrown wide the doors of their tabernacles and invited you to their altars!—Strange, indeed, that you thus reject the hand, that so long hath been stretched to your glory! And stranger far than all this—that you should seek another God in your new path! Turn with this wandering brother of ecclesiastical pride, and let him burst in adoration at the neglected idols! Bear with him, while he melts before the hasting incense of solemn passion. For his sake, bid the angels cease their shout of welcome that he may not be disturbed in his midnight soliloquies on the liberty of soul, and freedom of conscience. Veil thickly the opening realms, that the gaze of this faithful follower of the licensed path may not wander in confusion! Cruel Humanity! Trample beneath an angry foot the sweet communion of spirits, and ramble with this brother, 'mid the chilling wastes of buried centuries!

A scene, read by the vision of the lofty spirit-dweller, has dropped in all its truthful freshness to the eye of the Earth-inhabitant. Spirits of light have looked in pity upon these shackled brothers. They have seen that the creeds of old do not agree with the aspiring soul of the present day; and they have sorrowed over the calamity that breaks on the last moments of the trusty follower. They declare, truly, that an early attachment to these fixed forms and observances, termed old theology, spreads a mantle of gloom over Reason, and retards the growth of the inward and finer attributes, which strictly belong to higher authorities.

You have seen the creed-taught mortal, in the exercise of his lessons. You have seen him stagger with the weight of his divine honors, and have wearied with him along the beaten track of his ancestors. You have struggled with him among the ruins of past tradition, and have seen him finally recline for support, against the

tottering pillars of exciting recollection.

Step with him through death No? Then list beside the bending loud, and you shall hear: Unlike his first lessons, he bows not now whom, or where he is—Where now the robe of creed-authority? Naught here has he left—He finds himself in a world—sees and recognizes friends! How strange! "Where now my history—wherewith wisdom—where my power?" he voice that once caused souls to live, is now lost in its own ignorance and folly. But he seems content, and he spirits must for a season leave him—sorrowing, that thus he was educated—thus he lived, thus he escaped from the body.

### The Work of Truth.

BY SPIRITS.

Were the inhabitants of Earth withdrawn themselves awhile from the cold idols of their devotion; were they to venture beyond the limits of their lesson, and let Reason, for a moment, have its sway, the triumph of spirits, in the cause of God and Truth, would be complete. But Man will not turn. He knows his faults, and fears the edict of his leaders. He becomes strong in ignorance, faithful in submission. But the voice uttered from the sublime throne above, is as eternal as the truth it proclaims.—This voice speaks freedom to Earth, and progression to the disembodied spirit. These truths tear from the breathless forms of superstition the mantle of sanctity, and bury beneath the sod the attractive ornaments of fashionable devotion. They stretch beyond the barriers of creed, and wipe from the gilded altar the bloody remembrance of a brother's martyrdom. They gather the sickly relics of mouldering tradition, and cast them 'mid the general havoc. Look where you will, for succor, you cannot hide from these truths. They have been boldly declared, and their messengers in the world complete and powerful. But spirits wish not to command or enforce. They love to persuade and reason with mortals. They will not disturb the soul, but Error must be overthrown. This is the work of Truth—this the work of spirits.

### Dignity of the Spirit.

BY SPIRITS.

The Spirit feels no dignity in the dark depths of the embodied being;

nor is it to be found on the shallow heights of popular elevation. Its true dignity is seen when it bursts the chains that hold it, and rises in the strength of its own aspirations. It is when the Spirit is moved by the congenial influx of heavenly freedom and knowledge, that it freely enjoys perfect dignity. It sees that in the lofty home of the disembodied brother, no idle submission is demanded—none recognized. He sees there no reward for obedience to the command of long-silenced rulers; but finds that on the purity and dignity of each spirit depend the happiness of all. If the reader be one of the submissive temperaments, it will not be difficult to obey Spirits for a moment. They merely wish you to look calmly and reasonably upon the objects of your worship. Has the power that taught you thus to fall in devotion, told you truly of your God? And does reflection never alarm the straying germ? Oh! why will you look blindly for God! Why will you look for him in the gorgeous temple of idolatry?—why in the chilly sanctuary of creed? Why will you thus weary the spirit? It knows no freedom—feels no dignity. Cast off, then, these entanglements, and taste of the blessings prepared for the developed mortal. Harmonize with the truths now presented; and, progressing through your earthly tenement, you will be accompanied by angels to a home not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.

FAREDAY, at 115 Fourth Street, between Olive and Locust, is constantly supplied with all the best literary journals published in Europe and America. His terms are low and his sales large.

For the Light from the Spirit World.

### THE SPIRIT LAND.

"Behold, a voice came out of the cloud, saying this is my beloved son; hear ye him."

WOODSTOCK, Vt., Jan. 2, '53.

MR. EDITOR:

While reading from the "Spiritual Telegraph," some articles upon "Jesus Christ"—His position in the Universe—I suddenly felt a very strong spiritual influence pervading my whole system; I laid aside the paper and passive a few minutes, to observe the nature and object of this influence, and from whence it proceeded. I was enabled very soon to decide that the influence was that of a very dear friend, who has often impressed me to write, and also that I was to write upon the subject of the articles I had been reading. Farther than this, I was not permitted to understand. I took my pencil, and without conscious dictation from my own mind, wrote the communication which accompanies this letter.

Continue my paper, for it is my Bible. I am a full believer in Spiritualism, and I look forward for a great change in the form of earth. I believe the whole world will yet see and know the Truth through those unseen visitors from the Spirit world. I believe that the revelations now being made are from the true and living God, and that ere long every individual will be satisfied. I think that soon, very soon, the walls of sectarianism will be shaken, and that those false theories and fashionable dogmas of the day, will be exploded. I believe that the voice of the Eternal has spoken; that this voice has been heard in the homes of disembodied spirits—and that the word of Truth has by them been handed down to their embodied brothers. Go on—never forego your present occupation; you are engaged in a good work. Persevere—never despond. As for myself, I am determined to support you as long as you continue to publish your invaluable paper.

I remain yours, for Truth, &c.

### REV. C. J. JONES

AND THE

### NEW PHILOSOPHY.

Sixth and last Lecture at the Boatmen's

#### REVIEW.

"Seize upon truth whenever found, On Christian or on Heathen ground, Among your friends, among your foes, The plant's divine where'er it grows."

MR. EDITOR: Our friend has his last shot; his labors are at an end—his look around and see what we may let us plied. Has he crushed the cause of spiritualism? Has he shown that spirits have nothing to do with the phenomena in question? Or has he shown the causes that produce them? If these were his intentions (and I think they were), he has signally failed. Two months' labor has been thrown away. He has given us no light—the minds of the multitude have been more and more perplexed.—While those who wear the dark and unhappy veil of sectarianism and modern theology, have had it made thicker and more filthy than before. The delivery of these six lectures to his flock is a distressing instance of "the blind leading the blind."

He has in every instance strengthened the faith of those who have adopted the spiritual theory. They see how utterly he has failed to give any explanation of the causes of the manifestations; this was what he was expected to do. No one cares whether the doctrines believed by the spiritualists are in accordance with this one's faith or that one's faith—whether they believe the Bible is of divine origin, or whether they take Nature and reason for their guide or not. As far as my knowledge extends, I believe that nearly all leading spiritualists avow their opposition to the creeds of the theologians of these and other times, this opposition the gentleman is pleased to term "the infidelity of the system." Well, if he believed in the ONLY ONE true God the author of all, a belief in the immortality of the soul, a belief in and a desire to live in accordance with the principles of love as taught and practised by Christ—a belief in the communion of angels and spirits—if this is infidelity, then are we all infidels. We expect to hear such names pronounced upon us "that we are imposters, cheats, impious revilers, fools, pompous scribblers, idolators &c., but such epithets will serve to rouse us up and teach us the duty we have to perform in the drama of humanity and progression—they will serve to remind us that we are the "determined and uncompromising foes of ignorance and error."

Mr. Jones says it is the infidelity of the system that he brings will only serve to make the darkness that surrounds him more visible. The gentleman seems to regret that his arguments in opposing "the infidelity of the system" were not noticed. I am aware that they were strong, and if we admitted his standard, were almost unanswerable. To judge his position and arguments by his standard, they are good; but by ours, they are worse than nonsense. Still, I admire the ingenuity with which they were woven together and delivered. I also appreciate the time and labor it must have taken to prepare them; but save me from their philosophy. As was remarked in my last paper, the philosophy of the system has nothing to do with the phenomena.—It is the phenomena the masses want to know something about. Let us be settled, then we will speak of the doctrines held by the Rationalists.

Yours, in love,

S. D. PAGE.

PERRY, Ills., Jan. 5, 1853.

DEAR MANTZ:—

Send me on some of your papers, "Light from the Spirit World." I wish to get all the information I can in relation to spirit manifestations in the great West. I believe this is the beginning of a New Era in the world of Thought—a new religion, or the objects of the old more definitely set forth, and more reasonably taught. In this era, or dispensation, the object of faith must be changed from the cold, dead and selfish dogmas of the Church; men's opinions must give away and receive the pure truth, as taught by spirits—the only true exponents of God and Nature's will. I have mediums in my family for rapping and writing.—I am glad you are enabled to continue your paper; such a one is no doubt needed in the west, and will be supported by a wise and liberal people. Go on, and may Heaven bless your efforts.

Yours, in love,

T. M. HIGGINS.

MORRIS, Otsego Co., N. Y.

Dec. 31st, 1852.

FRIEND MANTZ:—

I received a number of your paper last night. I have formed so high an estimate of its intelligence and worth, and the ability with which it is conducted, that to day I enclose subscription for myself, and also for a neighbor. Send me some extra copies, and I will scatter them for you through the different locations. I think many will subscribe.—We want to hear of our progress from all points of the compass.

Yours, in the cause of Truth,

EPHRAIM WILCOX.

—

HUMAN AFFECTIONS.—Now the truth is, brethren! so wholly are we framed for the eternal world, that we must make a heaven of earth before we can fully enjoy it; that is to say, we must ideally and in the dreams of hope and fancy, invest this world with those very characteristics which are exclusively the property of the world to come—its abundance, its dignity, above all, its unfading permanence—before we can, with full content of heart sit down to the feast it offers to sense and soul. God has so interwoven, in the innermost texture of our nature the title and testimonies of the immortal state for which he made us, that mingled with the perishable elements of earth, it is even now forever around us; it rises in all our dreams, it colors all our thoughts; it haunts with longings we cannot repel; in our very vices it reveals itself, for they cannot charm us till they have more or less counterfeited it; and thus, not merely "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," but, if you will receive it, out of the mouth of the voluntary himself, has God ordained praise, the praise of those undying enjoyments, in search of which we have strayed among shadows! Our miseries are still the sublime discontent of a being too mighty for the perishable world he dwells in; a deathless spirit is impotent for its native eternity.

There are aspirations turned astray,

that even in their distortion, attest their origin and purpose. There are warped, and crippled, and polluted hopes that, even from their dungeon of flesh, still cry to heaven. There are desires that, cursed with that frenzy of sin, run mad through the thronged and heated highways of the world: yea, that are enyed in all the hideous forms of vice, and intemperance, and blood. But vice itself is not obnoxious; this insanity is superinduced upon sound faculties; these fires are the fires of conflagration and ruin, but they are not less than others, point to the skies!—[Butler.]

The proofs that our Reverend friend brought were old, worn-out Mesmeric Phenomena, with which every one who has given the least attention to the subject is familiar. Had he been in St. Louis some six or seven years ago, he could have witnessed facts as astonishing as any he related. That a portion of the wonders that are claimed by some to be from spirits can be accounted for by mesmerism and other causes, no intelligent man will who has examined both subjects will deny; but that there are things that take place daily that cannot be accounted for in any way, except by the Spiritual theory, is true. The cases cited by Mr. Jones on last Sunday were all consciously produced by a galvanic battery on a human brain through other agents. There never was, and in my humble opinion never can be, a mesmeric

effect without a conscious mental effort on the part of some human brain. This being proven, by all experience, no one then will fail to see the great dissimilarity between the phenomena of magnetism and Spiritual manifestations—the former can take place without a mental effort, while the latter often happens when no mind present has the slightest idea of what is to be done; again, mesmerism within itself never has yet manifested any intelligence unless consciously directed by some spirit in the body. Has magnetism ever moved a table or a chair, intelligently? Has it ever made a rap intelligently? Has it ever caused per-

haps any knowledge? Answer these questions, and then all will begin to think it will explain the wonders of the age. The gentleman cited the old account of M. Argos' "electric girl" (which has been explained long ago) and of a person being mesmerised at the distance of forty feet. There is a spiritualist now in St. Louis who has often mesmerised a lady at the distance of a mile without her knowledge. This power of one embodied spirit over another is the strongest kind of proof in favor of the Spirit Theory. Now why could not this Spiritualist mesmerize the lady if he was out of the body? As his body is no agent in the matter, I think he could influence her better if he was a spirit, her body would form no impediment—this is clear. The major part of the lecture proved the spiritual theory, and showed plainly that spirits in the body can communicate with each other unassisted by the material causes.

The cases that the gentleman brought are not parallel with Spiritual facts; the great principle that bars them out, is that for every intelligent demonstration in mesmer

# LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

## The Spirit Land.

"When distributive justice pervades the social world, virtue and morality will bloom with an immortal beauty; while the sun of righteousness will arise in the horizon of universal industry and shed its genial rays over all the fields of peace, plenty, and human happiness."

## The Spirit World at the Depots.

Copies of our paper can be found on the counters, for sale, at the following Book Stores and Literary Depots in this city, viz :

E. K. Woodward, corner 4th & Chestnut Sts. J. F. Adams, No. 64 4th St., above Pine St. E. P. Gray, 4th Street, near Locust St. Givings Book Stand, 224 North 4th Street. Higgins Book Stand, cor. 3d & Morgan Sts. A. H. Newspaper Stand, New Post Office. Of the Newsboys generally.

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T. O. Jones, of Farmington, Illinois, is an authorized agent in that city and vicinity.

Joseph R. Taylor, of St. Louis, is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper.

The people of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Chester and Raleigh, Illinois, Columbus and various other towns and cities in Missouri and other States, are now deeply interested in the investigation of Spiritual Manifestations.

The Scientific American is a constant visitor to our table, and a more acceptable one we do not receive. To the mechanic or artisan, it is worth double the price asked for it. Terms, \$2.00 a year. Published by MUNN & CO., New York city.

The Star Spangled Banner, a choice and elegant literary weekly, can be found at C. FARREY'S, 115 North Fourth Street, St. Louis.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.—This is an entirely original Magazine, commenced on the 1st of January, 1853, by G. P. PUTNAM & CO., No. 18 Park Place, New York. We have not seen the work, but learn that it is to be a most superb and magnificent periodical, giving its readers 128 ample pages of original reading matter. The book will not be surpassed by any other work of the kind in the world. We wish it most abundant success, and trust that it will receive the support of every true and constant reader of the literary productions of the day. Its contributors present an array of talent never before equaled in this country. For sale at the bookstores, at 25 cents a number. Single copy, a year \$3.00. Clubs of six, \$2.00 a year each.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.—Published in Boston, Mass.—will commence, on the first of January, 1853, a new volume, being Volume IV of this elegant illuminated journal. It will appear with new type, new heading, and splendidly improved in every department, besides which, the price is to be greatly reduced. The publisher is resolved to commence the new year with a circulation of one hundred thousand, and, therefore, offers the most liberal inducements to clubs. Realizing the spirit of the age, the great improvement in art, and the constantly increasing intelligence of the people, the publisher, with this change of prices, will vastly improve his already splendidly illustrated journal. Especially will a great improvement be manifested in the engraving department, as well as the literary character of the paper, so that the Pictorial shall appear in style, not only to merit all the encomiums of praise so lavishly bestowed upon it, but also so as to challenge increased respect for its enhanced excellence and perfection. In short, the whole paper will be far superior to anything yet offered to the public by the publisher. By referring to the following tributes to the Pictorial, its high literary character will at once be understood.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Alice B. Neal, Miss Phoebe Carey, Miss Alice Carey, Mrs. C. Orne, Miss Anne T. Wilber, Mrs. S. P. Douglass, Mrs. C. A. Hayden, Mrs. R. T. Eldredge, Mrs. E. R. B. Waldo, Rev. H. W. Weld, Henry Herbert, T. B. Read, T. S. Arthur, A. J. H. Dungan, Epes Sargent, George Dewey, Francis A. Durivage, Parc Benjamin, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, Ben. Perley Poore, etc., etc., etc., etc.

The following are the terms of the paper:—One subscriber, one year, \$3.00; two subscribers, \$5.00; four subscribers, \$9.00; eight subscribers, \$16.00. The paper will be for sale at all the periodicals depots throughout the country, after the 1st of January, at six cents per copy.

Any paper inserting the above, editorially, with this paragraph, shall receive the Pictorial one year.

## Letter from Daniel Webster.

My dearest beloved friends of earth, I do myself the privilege of addressing you through these columns. I look upon the portion of my life spent in the house of clay, as a dream that is past. The present is wonderful. It seems a living reality. The babbles of legislation, that used to occupy my mind, are viewed with regret. Regret they were not more wise. Regret they were not in accordance with the laws of nature. Regret they did not embrace all in the arms of love. Regret they were signalized by feelings of a warlike partizan. Had I known more of truth, I should not have done this.—

My child and beloved Daughter,—A this is the first time I have attempted to control the hand of another one that the body induces; and, while giving thanks to him who is Father to the fatherless and a Friend to the needy, observe that such are among the manifestations which bind so strongly our love to the cause we advocate.—[Spiritual and Moral Instructor.

## The Lesson of the Flower.

A bright little flower blossoms by the wayside. A *traveller* is passing, and pauses. He steps aside to look. He will not disturb the quiet look of worship of that little flower. O, man, drink in a deep thought, and pass on! you have learned that, even a flower peacefully fulfills its mission.

I will talk of the flower, and likewise of the man.

I watched this little flower—I watched these featherly flakes of early spring, as they quickly disappeared before the warm rays of a spring-day's sun. After the water had drained away from this sunny slope by the wayside, I espied one of the smallest specks of green—it was of a darker hue than its little painted neighbors, just peeping forth from the dingy and wet earth. This little dark and beauteous speck, stretched forth one little tender leaf, and the sun *seemed* at that moment to send forth one ray warmer than before, to encourage this little, weak and timid thing. I stretched forth my arms and cried, "O, MORTAL!—A LESSON!—A LESSON!!!"

Again I come to watch. O—I see four little tendril arms all raised toward heaven:—it is no mock worship. This teaches how innocence longs for Heaven—thereby growing heavenly.

I see now a little tender stem, supporting a great burden. At first I thought it hard; and it seemed to me the stem would murmur, when, methought I heard:—*LEARN YE?*

I looked then, just in season to catch one glimpse of blue as it closed from my sight. The flower had partly opened its tiny petals, and seeing the glories of God's Sun, modestly closed them again; showing, by its calm but awe-struck motions, that its tender petals could not receive the full light and glory of Heaven at once.

A friendly cloud came dancing along, and seemed to tarry before the sun.—How quickly those blue petals unclosed and looked forth, half wondering, but modestly delighted. Then I felt ashamed that I had felt pity for the bearer of so modest and beautiful a burden.

Hark! a traveler approaches—haste is dreaming of riches—and so am I. I am studying this little flower, to learn how to gain them. But, in passing hurriedly on, he has crushed my gem. O, ruthless destroyer!—thou layest waste innocence and happiness to gain gold!—thou tramplest under foot bright symbols of Heaven; thou hast crushed my flower; but kind Heaven has restored it to me again, to teach me a hoier lesson. Who is the gainer—thou or me?

That little stem has risen, with its mutilated burden; and the soft and pitying breeze fans the tears and uncomplaining flower; and dewy, friendly might approaches to damp and cool the parching petals of blue, which, unknowingly, we in beauty with the skies.

Heaven's own murmured not, and therefore became refreshed; and before retiring for the night, was kissed by the dew, and fauned with the cool breeze of the coming eve; and calmly and peacefully folding its robes of blue around its tender form rests, that it may be able to pay homage to its creator on the coming morn.

The lessons of that flower are various and true to life. I learned from it, that at the commencement of life, like the flower, we should raise our arm upward, and from that source draw all of our strength and enhancing our joys; because we feel that their sympathy is stronger for us than while they were like ourselves, struggling to comfort and support a fleshly and corruptible form.

One instance of their interposition we find called upon to relate; as it exhibits sympathy and calculation to a remarkable extent.

On the 1st inst., a female medium in this city, whose name we are not at liberty to announce, while walking in the streets, in her usual physical and mental mood, was approached and controlled by a spirit, caused to enter a bakery and purchase some vituins, thence led out of the city by a circuitous route into the suburbs, where she met a colored woman sitting by the roadside weeping, with a small child by her side. She was travel-worn, and desirous and exhausted, she sank despondingly down to bewail her condition. Using the organs of the medium, the spirit said to the sufferer "Sister, why weepest thou?"—The reply in substance was, that she was away from friends, and had no means of procuring food for her famishing child, making no mention of her own privations. She said she had knocked at the doors of those who appeared abundantly able to bless, but had been refused even the morsels that fell from their tables, and now, dispaired of succor. The spirit then gave her the bread, telling her that her afflictions were known, and he was an angel sent to minister to her wants. Overjoyed, the poor woman fell upon her knees essaying to offer the spirit a prayer of thanksgiving. But the spirit said, "Thank not me, but God who sent me."

The medium was then conducted home

having been unconscious during most of the transaction, and retaining only an indistinct recollection of the bakery, one or two points on her road and meeting with the woman.

Let the reader, for a few moments, consider the reflections which this circumstance induces; and, while giving thanks to him who is Father to the fatherless and a Friend to the needy, observe that such are among the manifestations which bind so strongly our love to the cause we advocate.—[Spiritual and Moral Instructor.

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## Communication.

### From a Mother to a Daughter.

(Mrs. T. \*\*\*, of this city, medium.)

My child and beloved Daughter,—A this is the first time I have attempted to control the hand of another one that the body induces; and, while giving thanks to him who is Father to the fatherless and a Friend to the needy, observe that such are among the manifestations which bind so strongly our love to the cause we advocate.—[Spiritual and Moral Instructor.

Engraved (by permission) from Stuart's *only* original portrait, in the Atheneum, Boston.

This superb picture, Engraved under the superintendence of Thomas Sully, Esq., the eminent and highly gifted artist, is the only correct likeness of Washington ever published. It has been characterized as the greatest work of art ever produced in this country; as to its fidelity, we refer to the letters of the adopted son of Washington, Geo. W. C. Custis, who says "it is a faithful representation of the celebrated original," and to Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court of the United States, who says, "as a work of art its excellence and beauty must strike every one that sees it; and it is no less happy in its likeness to the Father of his country. It was my good fortune to have seen him in the days of my boyhood, and his whole appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears to me to be an *exact likeness*, representing perfectly the expression as well as the form and features of the face." And says Senator Cass, "it is a life-like representation of the original." President Filmore says, "the work appears to have been admirably executed and *eminently* worthy of the patronage of the public." Says Marchant the eminent portrait painter, and the pupil of Stuart, "your print to my mind is more remarkable than any other I have seen for presenting the *whole* individuality of the original portrait, together with the noble and dignified repose of air and manner, which all who ever saw him considered a marks characteristic of the illustrations man it commemorates."

For the great merits of this picture, we would refer every lover of Washington to the portrait itself, to be seen at the office of this paper, and to the letters of the following Artists, Statesmen, Jurists and Scholars accompanying it.

ARTISTS.—Marchant and Elliott, of New York; Neagle, Rothermel, and Lambdin, of Philadelphia; Chester Harding, of Boston; Charles Fraser, of Charleston, S. C. and to the adopted son of Washington, Hon. Geo. W. C. Custis, himself an artist. STATESMEN.—The Excelerler Millard Fillmore, Maj. Gen. W. Scott, Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, Hon. W. R. King, Hon. Daniel Webster, Hon. Linn Boyd, Hon. Lewis Cass, Hon. A. Graham, Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Hon. R. H. Ingraham, LL. D. KENNEDYS.—Hon. R. B. Taney, Hon. John Duer, Hon. John McLean, Hon. Rufus Choate. SCHOLARS.—Charles Folsom, Esq., the well known Librarian of the Boston Atheneum, who says, "I would rather own it than any painted copy I have ever seen"; E. P. Whipple, Richard Hildreth, Hon. Edw. Everett, LL. D., Jared Sparks, LL. D., Wm. H. Prescott, LL. D., Washington Irving, Ralph Emerson, Esq. Prof. T. C. Upham, J. T. Headley, Fitz Green Halleck, H. W. Longfellow, Wm. Gilmore Simms, and from Europe, Lord Talford, T. B. Macaulay, Sir Archibald Alison, Lord Mayor of London, &c., &c. & the Pross, throughout the entire Union, have with one voice proclaimed the merits of this superb engraving.

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# LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

## POBREY.

Philosophy of Freedom.  
BY MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH CIRCLE.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.  
BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road  
Screamed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows;  
And all was pleased, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs;  
It stood a glory in its place—  
A blessing, evermore!

A little spring had lost its way  
Among the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn.  
He waded it in, and hung with care  
A lad at the brink—  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again—and left the well,  
By summer's never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
'Twas old and yet 'twas new—  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true;  
It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A memento flume.  
The thought was small—it's issue great;  
A watch-fire on the hill,  
It shed its radiance far down,  
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Left fall the word of hope and love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of Love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

Spirit Messenger.

JOY AND SORROW.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

In every heart is found a cell, where only  
Sorrow repeats her litany of pain;  
In every home a chamber veiled and lonely,  
The shrine of sorrow; there the dead have  
lain.

The sigh of sorrow to the winds hath given  
Their wild lament; a broken heart beats  
there.  
She weeps with the eclipse, o'er earth and  
heaven!—

In form unseen, in presence everywhere,  
Her spectral breath despoiled life of gladness,

Day of its glory, night of its repose;  
While Earth, pale mother, veils her brow in  
sadness,

And fades and fails with joy's expiring rose.

So sang a poet, in his lonely chamber,  
While midnight filled his life, his thought, his  
room.

When lo, a Presence shone through clouds of  
amber,

Calm, in eternal love-light, on the gloom:

Shining and singing, while the night was draped

On fragrance of her happy breath away;

And o'er the poet's eye, in wonder lifted,

Shone paradise, in morning's golden ray.

Her soul flowed o'er her lips in holy sweetness;

Her loving thought in living music ring,

And thus, the prophecy of life's completeness,

In sorrows end, the radiant spirit sang.

Lo, Heaven to Earth in harmony descended,

And joy shall fill the universe again:

Life into heavenly deathlessness ascended,

And seraphs bend to crown immortal men.

The pains, the tears, the wrongs, the desola-

tions,

Fade in the evening twilight of the past,

And all the beautiful and sacred nations

Dwell in the Holy Land of Love at last.

Bind to thy heart the heavenly evangeli,

Fear not, though heart and flesh may seem to

fail.

Rise to embrace and win the midnight angel,

Like Jacob, thou shalt wrestle and prevail.

—[Spiritual and Moral Instructor.

TIME AND LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

THERE is a dark and mighty sea

Which restless rolls its tide,

And countless rivers silently

Into its bosom glide;

That sea is Time! upon its shore,

All gloomy with the past;

What wrecks of ages, evermore,

Life's river-streams shall cast.

There shivered in the sand, are strown,

The proudest works of Art;

There, pyramid and sphinx, o'erthrown;

Of dust and mould are part;

There, beggars sleep encircled by kings;

And there, all silently,

Beneath unnumbered—wings,

Nations and races lie.

O dark and mighty is that sea—

The restless sea of Time—

Its waves, unto Life's river-streams

With solem music chime;

And phantom men and nations tread

Its grim and gloomy shore,

The living to the land of death

To welcome evermore.

Shakina.

Never violently oppose yourself  
against the torrent of the times you live in,  
thereto hazard your fame or fortune; but by  
fair compliance attain your safety.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents  
for this paper.

There is one rule without an ex-  
ception, and that is, the more salary a man gets  
the less he attends to his business. Go to any  
of our public offices, and the only person you  
will find always at his desk, will be some poor  
devil who gets barely sufficient to pay his board  
and

the process of interior expansion has been  
carried on to the completest unfolding of  
the soul—when the immortal powers of  
man shall have gained their perfect tri-  
umph over the gross faculties of sense,  
then shall Freedom, with a voice of hea-  
venly gladness, rise from the forsaken  
altars of earth to greet her glorified chil-  
dren in the skies. —[Spirit Messenger.

A Spirit Mother to her Earthly Child

On Sunday, Aug. 15, 1852, the fol-  
lowing communication was given through  
Miss Rhoda Fuller, a writing medium,  
at her mother's residence in Kelloggsville,  
N. Y., in presence of Vincent Kenyon,  
who recorded it, and Hervy Kellogg. On  
my asking if my mother would communi-  
cate with me, the medium began to be  
exercised, and after about five minutes  
wrote that she would. I asked if my  
mother would write her name, and she,  
or what purported to be her spirit, answered:

"I have not been attracted to the sub-  
ject of my name, but doubt not, my be-  
loved child, that I am in your immediate  
presence."

"Early were you deprived of my ma-  
ternal guardianship; yet now I can with  
pleasure assure you that my watchfulness  
has ever been upon you, and my spiritual  
powers have been exerted in your behalf.  
Fancy not it was the design of your  
Heavenly Father thus early to remove me  
from your physical presence, for violated  
laws and physical transgressions caused  
my transition. Still the Father's good-  
ness more fully manifested itself in per-  
mitting me to exercise my spiritual in-  
fluence upon you in a degree exceeding  
my ability thus to do, had I continued an  
inhabitant of the mortal tenement. Now  
I can present to your view an increased  
benefit resulting to you from our appa-  
rent separation. I have been enabled to  
observe your physical and mental de-  
velopment, and also to forsee with pleasure  
the happy period when you will be  
released from mortal incumbrances, and  
that a mother can then embrace you in a  
manner adapted to your spiritual wants,  
conducting you through continued scenes  
of glory and advancement.

"Revert not with sorrow to early sun-  
dered ties, but anticipate with pleasure a  
reunited family. Your paternal guide,  
when permitted to rejoin me, for the mo-  
ment, possessed longing interests, or de-  
sires in behalf of his child's temporal  
wants, as you had then not arrived at a  
period rendering you wholly independent  
of earthly guardianship. Yet I was soon  
enabled to portray the future reunion, in  
a manner so transparent to his view that  
he was led to exclaim: 'Father, how won-  
derful are thy ways!' As the mind may  
naturally inquire in what manner the  
spiritual circle can be rendered complete,  
nearly are never severed—thus could the  
same happy circle be increased tenfold,  
and not detract from family felicity.—  
Did human feeling infect the spiritual  
nature, family circles would be inhar-  
monious, as a selfish or exclusive desire  
would occupy the mind; yet now let me  
assure you in the language of another,  
'We neither marry nor are given in mar-  
riage, but are rendered one by congeni-  
ality—thus you perceive the extension of  
the circle without detracting from the  
happiness of either.'

It would be my highest spiritual de-  
light to present the pleasure in which we  
are permitted to luxuriate, as therein your  
reflections with regard to our condition  
would be rendered pleasing, and your an-  
ticipations of spiritual existence also en-  
able you to rise triumphant over mortal  
trials, should they freely bestrew your  
pathway. Again let me present to your  
view the benefits arising from these truth-  
ful sentiments: You are herein enabled  
to perceive and object in your existence,  
and thought and action, which is founded on  
the inherent rights of the enlightened  
soul. The external circumstances of any  
people do no secure real freedom. These  
circumstances may involve the deliverance  
from the power of the tyrant—they may  
furnish the unrestricted privilege to speak  
and act—they may impart a joyous appre-  
hension of the value of life, and may give  
a stimulus to all the noble energies  
of man, but in themselves they are not  
freedom—they are simply the favorable  
conditions on which a mere outward lib-  
erty is dependent. Freedom has relation  
to the elevation and sublimation of the  
soul beyond the thralldom of lust and  
sense. It secures the highest privileges  
and exercises the noblest powers of the  
immortal nature. It is a deliverance of  
the spirit from the bondage of corruption  
—it is the progress of the mind towards  
the heights of eternal wisdom—it is the  
living joy of the soul which bound no  
longer by earthly fetters. Do the people  
talk of freedom when the great soul  
of a nation is steeped in the corruptions  
of earth? That man and that people  
are only free whose spirit—by which is  
signified the inward and immortal being  
—is delivered from the bondage of the  
sensual powers, into glorious liberty of  
the godlike life.

It is seen with pleasure by the inhabitants  
of the spiritual world, that the true  
philosophy of freedom is becoming more  
generally understood on the earth.—  
While the prospered nation sits beneath  
the floating banner of peace, extending  
its giant arms to welcome its kindred  
across the sea, there is a sense of indi-  
vidual responsibility which is creeping  
upon the souls of the millions, and an  
inward aspiration for increasing light and  
peace. Therefore is freedom becoming  
infused into the hearts of the people—  
its approaching joys are thrilling through  
the recesses of the soul, and an echo of  
the seasons of trial surround you, not confi-  
dently upon my protecting powers in be-  
half of you and yours. Whenever de-  
sire occupy your feelings with regard to  
me, fail not to seek a source through  
whom these communications and con-  
gratulations can be presented.—[Spiritual  
Telegraph.

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against the torrent of the times you live in,  
thereto hazard your fame or fortune; but by  
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will find always at his desk, will be some poor  
devil who gets barely sufficient to pay his board  
and

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FRIDAY.

St. Louis Lodge, No. 20, meets 1st and 3d  
Tuesday.  
Naphtali Lodge, No. 25, meets 1st and 3d  
Wednesday.  
Missouri Lodge, No. 1, meets 1st and 3d  
Tuesday.  
George Washington Lodge, No. 9, meets 2d and 4th  
Wednesday.  
Polar Star Lodge, No. 79, meets 2d and 4th  
Wednesday.  
Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 40, meets 2d and 4th  
Thursday.  
Erwin Lodge, No. 121, meets 2d and 4th  
Friday.

SUNDAY.

St. Louis Lodge, No. 20, meets 1st and 3d  
Tuesday.  
Naphtali Lodge, No. 25, meets 1st and 3d  
Wednesday.  
Missouri Lodge, No. 1, meets 1st and 3d  
Tuesday.  
George Washington Lodge, No. 9, meets 2d and 4th  
Wednesday.  
Polar Star Lodge, No. 79, meets 2d and 4th  
Wednesday.  
Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 40, meets 2d and 4th  
Thursday.  
Erwin Lodge, No. 121, meets 2d and 4th  
Friday.

MONDAY.

St. Louis Chapter, No. 1, meets 2d and 4th  
Monday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 8, meets 1st and 3d  
Monday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 3, meets 1st and 3d  
Monday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 9, meets 1st and 3d  
Monday.

TUESDAY.

St. Louis Chapter, No. 1, meets 2d and 4th  
Tuesday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 8, meets 1st and 3d  
Tuesday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 3, meets 1st and 3d  
Tuesday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 9, meets 1st and 3d  
Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY.

St. Louis Chapter, No. 1, meets 2d and 4th  
Wednesday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 8, meets 1st and 3d  
Wednesday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 3, meets 1st and 3d  
Wednesday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 9, meets 1st and 3d  
Wednesday.

THURSDAY.

St. Louis Chapter, No. 1, meets 2d and 4th  
Thursday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 8, meets 1st and 3d  
Thursday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 3, meets 1st and 3d  
Thursday.  
St. Louis Chapter, No. 9, meets 1st and 3d  
Thursday.

FRIDAY.